Ham. And doe ſtill by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my Lord what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you doe ſurely barre the doore upon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himſelfe for your ſucceſſion in *Denmarke?*

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I ſir, but while the graſſe growes; the proverbe is ſomething muſty: oh the Recorders, let me ſee one, to withdraw with you; why doe you goe about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toile?

Gu. O my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanerly

Ha. I do not well underſtand that: will you play upon this pipe?

Guyl. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeve me I cannot.

Ham. I beſeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as eaſie as lying; govern theſe ventages with your fingers and the thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſick: look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guyl. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me, you would play upon me, you would ſeeme to know my ſtops, you would plucke out the heart of my myſterie, you would ſound mee from my loweſt note to my compaſſe, and there is much muſicke, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeake, s'bloud do you think I am eaſier to be plaid on than a pipe? Call me what inſtrument you will, though you fret me not, you cannot play upon me. God bleſſe you ſir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ha. Do you ſee yonder cloud that's almoſt in ſhape of a camel?

Pol. By'th maſſe and 'tis like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is blacke like a Wezell.

Ham.